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MASTER COMICS

SEPTEMBER

10¢

NO. 72



CAPT. MARVEL JR.

and the

**WHISTLE THAT
WOULDN'T STOP!**

ALSO

RADAR... NYOKA
BULLETMAN

How THOM McAN

WITH HIS MAGIC



PREVENTED 4
ROLLER-COASTER DISASTERS!
WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"



THE SUPER-COLD EXHAUST FORMS A SOLID STREAM OF ICE...ALONG A TRACK FOR THE FALLING COASTER!



MASTER COMICS

A Fawcett Publication



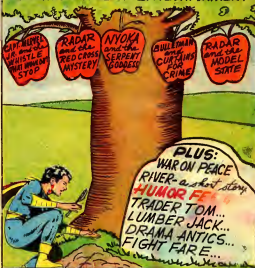
FREDDY FREEMAN,
THE CRIPPLED
NEWSBOY!

THE OLD WIZARD
SHAZAM HAS GIVEN
CRIPPLED FREDDY
FREEMAN THE
POWER TO SHOUT THE
NAME OF HIS HERO,
CAPTAIN MARVEL,
AND TURN INTO THE
FAMED FLYING FOE
OF EVIL... CAPT.
MARVEL JR.!



CAPT. MARVEL JR.,
THE WORLD'S
BRIGHTEST BOY!

CAPT. MARVEL JR. Presents the MASTER TREE OF ENTERTAINMENT:



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To help us maintain high
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comic publications, we
have enlisted the aid of
the distinguished indi-
viduals whose names are
given above.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr.
PRESIDENT

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CAPT. MARVEL JR.

and the
**WHISTLE THAT
WOULDN'T
STOP!**



HAVE YOU
EVER LISTENED
TO THE REPETITION
OF A SINGLE SOUND?
THE DROPPING OF A LEAKY
FAUCET? THE MELODY OF
AUTO HORNS IN A TRAFFIC
JAM? JARRING DROPPING
NOISES THAT PLAY
LIKE A BOW-STRING
ON THE NERVES---

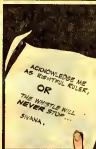
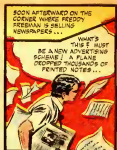
BUT WHAT IS WORSE THAN
THE UNEARTHLY SHRIEK OF
A FACTORY WHISTLE? NO
HUMAN EARS ARE IMMUNE
TO ITS MADDENING SOUND---



NOT EVEN THE EVIL
SCIENTIST SIVANNA...

I CAN'T STAND
ANYMORE! HOW
CAN I INVENT A
WEAPON TO MAKE ME
RIGHTFUL RULER OF THE
UNIVERSE WITH THAT
DREADFUL NOISE
DISTURBING ME?





BUT AFTER HOURS OF SEARCHING --

I CAN'T FIND ANY WHISTLE !
BUT I CAN STILL HEAR IT
BLOWING ! I'D BETTER
CHECK WITH THE
AUTHORITIES !



I'LL TELL THE GOVERNOR TO CALL OUT THE
MILITIA TO FORM A SEARCHING PARTY !
THEY CAN'T KEEP UP-- WITHOUT
EVERYONE LOSING HIS
SANTY !



MEANWHILE, SYANA IS ALSO
PLANNING A VISIT TO THE
GOVERNOR....

HEH-HEH !
THERE DOESN'T
SEEM TO BE ANY-
ONE AROUND!
GREAT BOYS!



THEY'RE Huddled DOWN IN
THE BOMB SHELTERS ! THE
POOR FOOLS HOPE TO KEEP
OUT THE NOISE THAT WAY...!
BUT I SAW A LIGHT IN THE
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE !



I'LL STOP THE WHISTLE
ONLY WHEN YOU TURN
OVER YOUR POWERS
TO ME ! YOU MAY CON-
SIDER THIS TO BE
A FINAL
WARNING !

I'LL
PUT YOU
UNDER ARREST !
I'LL SEE YOU
AND FIRST !



GUARDS! COME TO
MY OFFICE!
GHHH !

TSK - TSK !
YOU'RE A STUBBORN
MAN !



CAPTAIN
MARVEL
JR. !

I NEVER THOUGHT
TO FIND YOU HERE,
SYANA !











IN 1943, HIS LAST PLAYING SEASON, "KING KONG" KELLER CLOUTED HOME RUNS IN EVERY PARK IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

Charlie KELLER

AFTER 2 YEARS IN THE MERCHANT MARINE, HE'S BACK SHIPPING HOMERS INTO THE RIGHT FIELD STANDS OF YANKEE STADIUM



DO I GET A REGULAR JOB, BOSS?

KELLER MADE A CHAMPION YANKEE TEAM HIS FIRST YEAR UP. HE HIT 334 DURING THE REGULAR SEASON -- 436 IN HIS WORLD'S SERIES BOW

I WON'T HAVE TO REACH FAR

"IT'S ONLY NATURAL THAT I REACH FOR WHEATIES NEARLY EVERY MORNING," EXPLAINS CHARLIE KELLER. "THOSE CRISP WHEATIES FLAKES GET MY BREAKFAST OFF TO A FAST START AND HELP SET ME UP FOR AN ACTIVE DAY. I'M GETTING MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,' WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU."

I'M ONE OF THE 34 BIG-LEAGUERS WHO APPEAR IN THESE BOOKS

GOOD COACHING IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT FACTORS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A BALL PLAYER," SAYS CHARLIE KELLER. "THAT'S WHY WHEATIES NEW BASEBALL BOOKS GET MY OKAY. THERE'S AN OFFENSIVE BOOK ON HITTING AND BASE RUNNING -- A DEFENSIVE BOOK ON PITCHING AND FIELDING. AND THERE'S LOTS OF GOOD COACHING TIPS IN EACH BOOK. YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE TELLS YOU HOW TO GET YOUR COPIES."



LUMBER JACK

STRONG MINDED

UH, UH, HERE COMES LUMBER JACK. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO LISTEN TO SOME MORE OF HIS BOASTING.

'ELLO BOYS, OW ARE YOU FEELING? ALL RIGHT!

ONLY ALL RIGHT? ZAT EES ZE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND LUMBER JACK—I ALWAYS FEEL GREAT!



JUST FEEL ZAT MUSCLE! LUMBER JACK EES ZE STRONGEST MAN IN ZIS COUNTRY!

EES ZAT SO? HE SOUNDS LIKE A VEREE CLEVER MAN. I WOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM.

---THEY NEVER LET HIM OUT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM!



Trader TOM

A TRUSTING SOUL

HELLO, TRADER TOM. HOW'S BUSINESS?

THERE THEY ARE. HAAN?

WHAT'S THE MATTER? I DON'T LIKE TO SIN IT, BUT THEY DON'T LOOK QUITE HONEST TO ME.



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN TRUST THEM?

IF THEY'RE SO HONEST, WHY HAVE YOU GOT THAT GUN?

THAT'S TO KEEP THEM HONEST!



MARY MARVEL'S

**IMPORTANT
BACK TO
SCHOOL
MESSAGE**

OH DEAR, I WANT SOMETHING EXTRA SPECIAL TO WEAR BACK TO SCHOOL. WHAT SHALL I DO? I HAVE IT! REMEMBER WHEN I GOT MY FIRST MARY MARVEL DRESS, THEN I WENT TO MADAME ADELE. WHY DON'T I GO TO HER AGAIN WITH MY PROBLEM?

MARY GOES TO MADAME ADELE.

MADAME ADELE. REMEMBER WHEN YOU DESIGNED THAT FIRST DRESS THAT ALL MY FRIENDS LOVED SO MUCH? NOW, I WANT ANOTHER DRESS THAT IS REALLY A SUPER-DUPER!

WHY OF COURSE, MARY. HOW ABOUT SCOTCH PLAIDS? THEY ARE ALL THE RAGE THIS SEASON AND THEY ARE SO BEAUTIFUL AND PRACTICAL.

I'M SO EXCITED I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO WEAR MY NEW DRESS! THE GIRLS WILL BE CRAZY ABOUT IT!

MADAME ADELE CERTAINLY DID A WONDERFUL JOB. DO YOU KNOW GIRLS, GOING TO SCHOOL IS MORE FUN WHEN YOU CAN WEAR SUCH A PRETTY DRESS. BECAUSE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS, AND TEACHER, TOO, WILL ADMIRE IT!

MARY MARVEL
ENTERTAINERS, INC.
215 West 40th Street,
New York 18, N. Y.

\$2.98

**IMAGINE FINDING SUCH A PRETTY PLAID
DRESS FOR SUCH A LOW PRICE!**

Isn't this the best looking Mary Marvel dress? It's so pretty and practical in Wesley Simpson's heavy wool-type cotton, warm enough to wear right through the school year. It has ruffles on the shoulders, a sweetheart neckline, silver buttons and a full skirt! Lovely enough to wear to parties, too. And oh, what bright three-color woven plaids. Order in your favorite background now—red, blue or brown. Sizes 7, 8, 10 and 12.

MARY MARVEL ENTERTAINERS, INC., 215 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me _____ Mary Marvel dress, size _____ color _____. When it arrives I will pay postman \$2.98 plus postage charges in full payment. If for any reason I am not completely satisfied I may return it within 14 days for full refund.

NAME _____ (Please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

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RADAR

the
INTERNATIONAL
POLICEMAN

and
'THE RED CROSS MYSTERY!'

JK STEIN'S BULWARK OF
WORLD AMITY IS THE INTER-
NATIONAL RED-CROSS! FOR
ITS HELPING HAND GOES INTO
ALL COUNTRIES, AND THE
NAME OF THE RED CROSS IS
BLESSED IN COUNTLESS
FOREIGN TONGUES.

BLESSED? RADAR KNOWS
THAT THE RED CROSS CAN BE
HATED TOO, BY THE VERY PEOPLE
IT SEEMS TO AID, AND FOR WHAT,
STRANGELY ENOUGH, SEEMS TO BE
VERY GOOD REASONS. FOLLOW
RADAR AS HE SEEMS TO UNRAVEL
THE DEADLY SECRET BEHIND THE RED CROSS MYSTERY!



AT AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF
OIL MAGNATES ---

I OFFER ONE MILLION
BARRELS OF CRUDE OIL
FROM CORVAT ISLAND
AT TWO DOLLARS A
BARREL LOWER
THAN THE
QUOTED
PRICE!

IMPOSSIBLE!



HOW CAN YOU
AFFORD TO DO
IT? I HAVE HEARD
YOU ARE A GENIUS
OF PRODUCTION,
FRANCISCO PERONO.
BUT YOU ARE
UNDERSELLING
THE WHOLE
MARKET!

EFFICIENCY IS
THE ANSWER,
MY DEAR
SIR!

MY PEOPLE WORK
GLADLY BECAUSE I
TREAT THEM WELL!
AND THE GOVERN-
MENT OF MY ISLAND
IS MOST COOPERATIVE!
SO, I PRODUCE MORE,
AND SELL FOR
LESS....



MR. PERONO! TERRIBLE NEWS!
PLEAGUE HAS BROKEN OUT
ON CORVAT ISLAND!

WHAT?



MY PEOPLE
ARE DYING
LIKE FLIES!
WHAT CAN
I DO?

WE'LL
CALL THE
INTERNATIONAL
RED CROSS!

THEY'LL SEND
MEDICAL SUPPLIES,
DOCTORS AND
NURSES! YOU
CAN DEPEND ON
THE RED CROSS,
PERONO!

YOU ARE RIGHT, MY FRIENDS! I CANNOT TELL YOU
HOW GRATEFUL MY PEOPLE WILL BE!















THEY REALLY HAVE FUN! THESE BALL-BAND KIDS!



IN SPORTS AND PLAY THESE KIDS WIN
CHEERS, IN GRADE SCHOOL, AND HIGH AND
THROUGH COLLEGE YEARS!



ADMIRED AND ENVIED, SO GRACEFUL
SO FLEET! ONE REASON IS CLEAR WHEN
YOU LOOK AT THEIR FEET!



BALL-BAND SHOES ARE LIGHT AND LONG WEAR-
ING, TOO. LOOK HIGH AND LOOK LOW—THOUGH
YOU SEARCH DAY AND NIGHT, YOU NEVER WILL
FIND A FINER SPORT SHOE!



THEIR SMOOTH-FITTING SPORT SHOES, RENOWNED
OVER THE LAND, ARE THE CHOICE OF THE
WINNERS... THEY'RE FAMOUS BALL-BAND!



TRADE
MARK

SO IN SPORTS
AND IN FUN, IF
YOU WANT THE
FIRST CALL, IT'S
EASY TO KNOW
WHAT TO DO.
LOOK NOW FOR
THE STORE
WHERE YOU SEE
THE RED BALL—
AND LOOK FOR
IT TOO, ON
EACH SPORT
SHOE!



BALL-BAND CANVAS SPORT SHOES!
THEY'VE GOT EVERYTHING!

NON-SLIPPING SOLES
FOR FASTER STARTING,
QUICKER STOPPING, SAFER
FOOTWORK—

BUILT TO HELP
PROTECT THE FEET AND
BODY FROM SHOCK AND
JAR—LEASH PATIENCE—
GOOD LOOKING,
LIGHT AND COMFORTABLE,
YET RUGGED TOO—
SOLES WORTH MARK,
FLOORS—WASH QUICK
AND CLEAN—



ALSO AVAILABLE
IN OXFORDS.

FIGHT FARE.



EVEN THOUGH YOU
LOST, EVERYBODY
SAYS YOU'RE A
COLORFUL
FIGHTER!

YEAH, BLACK
AND BLUE!

RINGSIDE
RAZZLE-
DAZZLE

DO YOU SEE THAT
FELLOW? THAT'S
KID KAYO, THE
FIGHTER!

NO WONDER I DON'T
RECOGNIZE HIM--I
NEVER SAW HIM
STANDING BEFORE!

I CAN LICK YOU
ANY DAY IN THE
WEEK!

ALL RIGHT, WE
WON'T FIGHT
ABOUT IT!

IS THE CAULIFLOWER
KID REALLY LAZY?

WHY HE'S SO LAZY THAT
WHenever HE SHADOW-
BOXES, HE WAITS FOR
THE SHADOW TO HIT FIRST!

KEEP JAMMING AND MOVING
AWAY, SO HE CAN'T USE HIS
RIGHT!

OKAY.

DON'T SLUG
WITH HIM, OR
HE'LL GET HIS
RIGHT OVER
SURE!

ALL RIGHT, BUT
SUPPOSE HE GETS
HIS RIGHT OVER,
ANYWAY WHAT'LL
I DO?

NOTHING. WE AND THE
REFEREE WILL DRAG YOU
BACK TO THE CORNER!

WAR ON PEACE RIVER

by

Milton English



ROY HALE scanned the high, snow-capped Canadian Rockies. Something floating on the swirling, turbulent water caught his eye. It was a canoe, broadside to the current, drifting rapidly toward the rock-studded white water in the narrow gap below his cabin.

Roy shoved his own canoe into the current and gave chase. A runaway canoe might mean that some lonely prospector was in trouble. His paddle rose and fell in powerful strokes and in a few hundred yards he overhauled the runaway. He gasped in surprise when he saw a man lying in the bottom, his face battered and bleeding.

Roy towed the canoe and its cargo to the river bank and carried the unconscious man ashore. Icy water dashed in his face failed to revive him and a quick examination showed the reason. In addition to a terrible beating, the man had a bullet hole through his right shoulder.

THE sun was an hour behind the grim mountains and the kerosene lamp was casting a dim light inside the cabin before the wounded

man regained consciousness. From his cut and swollen lips came a feeble whisper:

"The La Rue brothers beat me until I told them where my claim is. Then they shot me and left me for dead."

Roy wiped the man's face with a damp cloth. "Then you got into the canoe and pushed off?" he filled in.

The sick man nodded agreement. "When they find out I'm gone, they'll comb the whole country for me," he said.

Roy had heard of the La Rue brothers. Once there had been three, but the eldest had been shot while robbing a sluice box up in the Klondike country. Now, his brothers, Abe and Ira, were the bane of all honest miners in the country. They ranged over hundreds of square miles, plundering cabins and robbing miners of their gold.

"What's your name?" Roy inquired.

THE wounded man was going to sleep but he managed to whisper, "Pat Otway."

"I'm going to lash the canoes together and take you down river," Roy announced.

"There's a big reward offered for the La Rue brothers," the old miner said.

Roy shook his head. "Not interested," he said. "That's a job for the Mounties."

The old man was insistent. "I'll split my claim with you if you drive those killers out of the country. The Mounties are too far away to reach them in time."

Roy filled his pipe and sat thinking. He had had enough fighting and gun play during his three years overseas. That's what he had come north to get away from.

"Thanks, Pat," he said, "but I'm taking you down river."

At that moment the cabin door crashed open and the two La Rue brothers strode in, rifles cradled in their arms ready for action.

"So this is where the old goat went," Ira sneered. He raised his gun and drew a bead on the old man. "We'll make sure this time," he said.

Abe reached out and knocked the gun barrel down. "Don't be so quick on the trigger," he snarled. "Bullets leave marks and I've got a better way."

IRA lowered the gun reluctantly. "It better be good," he said. "We ain't

leavin' these men alive so they can put the Mounties on our trail."

Roy had been standing near the bunk watching in silence. He had changed his mind about the whole deal. This was now a personal affair. When two killers entered his cabin and threatened his life, he couldn't stand still and let them have their way. He leaped at Ira, both fists swinging, and went to the floor from a crushing blow from a rifle butt swung with vicious force against his head.

When he regained consciousness, he sat up, coughing, and looked around. The cabin was full of smoke and the door was nailed shut. In a flash, he saw what Abe had meant by a better way. Fire would leave no trace of crime.

Roy smashed a window with a chair. The rushing air churned up the fire so that the place was a roaring furnace. He managed to get the old man through the window and drop to the ground just before the roof saved in.

Cold water brought the old prospector to consciousness again. "They smashed the canoe and took all the food," he said. "It looks like we're done for."

"Not yet, we're not," Roy said angrily. "I learned a few tricks in the army that may come in handy now."

He made the old man comfortable on a bed of pine boughs and went back into the brush. He wondered how well the La Rue brothers had searched the camp. If

they hadn't found his cache they were due for a surprise.

FROM a dry hole in the hillside, he took a dozen sticks of dynamite. He tied eleven into one bundle, inserted a cap and a short fuse in the center stick, and then capped and fused the single stick. With these in his shirt, he made his way back to the old prospector.

"Tell me how to get to your claim," he said.

With a pencil stub, and working left-handed, Pat Otway drew a crude map showing the location of the claim and cabin.

"My shack is under a cliff," he explained. "If you climb up there you can almost look down the chimney."

Hours later the clatter of gravel being shoveled into a sluice told Roy that he was near the killers. He crept slowly through the brush, as he had learned to do in the army, and looked out.

Abe and Ira were shoveling gravel into Pat Otway's sluice. Roy watched and made his plans while the two crooks stopped shoveling long enough to clean out the riffles. Their voices raised in excitement at the sight of coarse gold.

ROY slipped away during the excitement and made his way across the gulch and up the cliff on the other side. Picking a concealed spot directly above the cabin, he lay down to wait.

Shortly before dark the La Rue brothers quit work and headed for the cabin. Ira

carried a tomato can with the day's gleanings from the riffles.

"This is the best yet," he chuckled as he hefted the can.

"Yeah," Abe agreed. "We'll clean up and then skip the country."

When the two men were 100 feet from the cabin, Roy lighted the fuse on the single stick of dynamite and tossed it over the cabin where it exploded on the ground with a deafening roar.

"Quick," yelled Abe, "into the cabin! We left our rifles inside."

"Say where you are and raise your hands!" shouted Roy.

But the two men raced on toward the cabin. Roy had no choice. He held a match to the fuse attached to the bundle of eleven sticks and tossed it over the cliff. There was a deafening explosion and the shack disappeared in a cloud of dust.

THROUGH the clearing smoke, Roy approached the two unconscious men. They were out cold, but still breathing.

"You'll be good as new when you wake up," mused Roy. "That is, almost as good," he added to himself as he bound them securely with a stout rope he had brought along just for this purpose.

Five days later, in the offices of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Pat Otway, his arm in a sling, grinned at Roy.

"You and me are partners now, son," he said.

The End

NYOKA the JUNGLE GIRL

and the SERPENT GODDESS



DEEP IN THE JUNGLES OF INDIA, A TRUE HUNT IS IN PROGRESS...

TICKY IS A DARLING MONGOOSE, MANNAJAH. HE FOLLOWS ME WHEREVER I GO. MAY I BRING HIM?

YES, NYOKA, THIS IS A CORBAH COUNTRY AND NO CORBAH WILL GET NEAR YOU WITH TICKY AROUND!



THE MONGOOSE IS A CORBAH KILLER AND HAS BEEN IN THE CORBAH TERRITORY AND MORTAL FOR!



RIGHT! AND EVER SINCE MY FAMILY STARTED BRINGING THE MONGOOSE, SCHONA'S CORBAH HAS PLACED THEM!









GET OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE CAVE
BRINGS THE FATEFUL TICKY...



IN THE FACE OF SHADOWS, BOROMA
CHARGES TO HER OTHER SELF...



AND THE GREAT CORRA STRIDES...





JOE MILLER-THE GRAVEYARD SCENE





BULLETMAN

THE FLYING DETECTIVE

IN THIS NEW POLICE LABORATORY
WORKER, HAS PERFECTED GRAVITY
HELMETS FOR HIMSELF AND
SUSAN RENT ENABLING THEM TO
BECOME FLYING FIGHTERS OF
CRIME AND WHEN PREVENT THEM
FROM BEING JAWED BY BULLIES.

CURTAINS FOR CRIME!



IN A MIDTOWN HUBBUB----



...IT'S THE HOTTEST TIP
IN YEARS! NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT
AT NINE A PLANE LOADED WITH
THREE MILLION IN GOLD BULLION
PASSES OVER THE CITY!

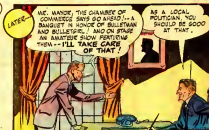
YOU MEAN THAT
GOVERNMENT PLANE
HEADED FOR FORT
KNOWS WHERE THE
GOLD RESERVE IS
STOCKED...?



BUT HOW CAN WE HIJACK
A PLANE FLYN' THROUGH
THE AIR?



IT'S SIMPLE! ALL WE'VE GOT
TO DO IS GET HOLD OF
BULLETMAN AND BULLETGIRL'S
GRAVITY HELMETS! AND
I GOT AN IDEA...



WE, MAJOR, THE CHAIRMAN OF
COMMERCE SAYS GO AHEAD!--A
BANGUIN IN HONOR OF BULLETMAN
AND BULLETGIRL! AND ON STAGE
AN AMATEUR SHOW PERFORMS
THEM -- I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THAT!

BE A LOCAL
POLITICIAN, YOU
SHOULD BE GOOD
AT THAT.

THE CIVIC AUDITORIUM — BACKSTAGE —

WE'VE BEEN REHEARSING ALL WEEK IN THOSE IMITATION HELMETS...

BUT WE'LL NEED THE REAL ONES TONIGHT WHEN THE SHOW GOES ON! GUESS HE THROUGH MY PART AGAIN, WILL YOU, JIM?



THE GRAVITY HELMETS! IF I CAN ONLY SWITCH 'EM WITHOUT BULLETHAN OR BULLETHEL NOTICIN'!



...AND I SAY — WE ARE EVER AT THE PUBLIC'S SERVICE! "



WHILE IN ANOTHER DRESSING ROOM —

SURE, SURE — ME, ME, PUBLIC AND YOU'RE MRS. PUBLIC! I KNOW ALL THAT! BUT IT'S SEVEN O'CLOCK — WE GOT JUST TWO HOURS TO GET THOSE GRAVITY HELMETS, IF WE'RE —

WE TRIED ALL WEEK! WHAT CAN YOU DO WHEN THEY KEEP 'EM ON ALL THE TIME!



LOOK WHAT I GOT!

THE GRAVITY HELMETS! HERE COME!

COME ON, SHORTY! WE'LL TRY 'EM OUT!



IT'S EARLY — NOBODY'S HERE YET! LET'S GOY AROUND THE AUDITORIUM!

COME ON, SHORTY! TAKE A RUNNING DIVE OUT OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS!





THESE WEIGHTS ARE TOO SMALL TO GO ON OVER YOUR HELMETS! WON'T YOU TAKE THEM OFF?



SO THAT'S YOUR GAME!

CATCH IT, SHOOTY! I'VE GOT THE OTHER ONE!



WHAT TH... BOSSSS!



BOSS, GET ME DOWN-- DOWN!



THE GRAVITY HELMET TAKES SHOOTY ON A WILD RIDE!

SHOOTY, YOU DROPE! DOWN! DIVE DOWN HERE!



CRASH!



LUCKY FOR ME EVERYBODY THINKS THIS IS PART OF THE SHOW!

I BETTER GET MY HELMET WHILE THE GETTING IS GOOD!



YOU SAY, WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING!

NEEDS THE TONNAY PUMP BOSS!

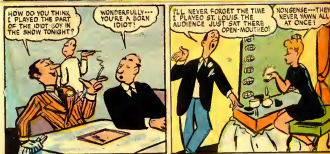
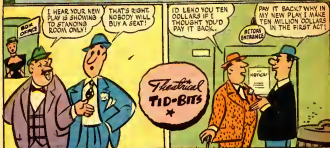




IT'S A DATE



DRAMA ANTICS



**HEY
FELLOWS,**
*See what I've
got here!*

You can learn about
the latest wrinkles in
aviation, photog-
raphy, radio and
television in *Mechanix Illustrated*
...not to mention
the wonderful
model planes
and boats you
can build your-
self!

Don't delay! *Mechanix*
Illustrated is yours just as
soon as the coupon and
one dollar are received.
Mail them now...and
save money!

Imagine seven issues of
Mechanix Illustrated
for only one dollar! It's
such a great magazine
.....pocked from cover
to cover with modern
science articles no
red-blooded
fellow would
want to miss.



Editor, *Mechanix Illustrated* 1944-1945
32 West Putnam Ave., Greenwich, Conn.

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing \$1.00 for 7 issues of *Mechanix Illustrated*. Please hurry. I don't want to miss any of the new issues!

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

COLONEL CORN AND KORNBY KORB

LOSE BY A WHISKER





RADAR

the
INTERNATIONAL POLICE MAN
and the
MODEL STATE

THE FORCES OF BRUTALITY AND INTOLERANCE ARE STRONG. CAN THEY UPSET THE PEACE OF A MODEL STATE FOUNDED ON THE PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM AND EQUALITY FOR ALL? RADAR, THE INTERNATIONAL POLICEMAN, HAS A DEFINITIVE ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION.



AT A MEETING OF THE UNITED NATIONS!

THERE ARE STILL SEVERAL COUNTRIES WHERE FASCISTS HOLD THE BALANCE OF POWER, LOCAL. HERE ARE MOTION PICTURES OF THE MODEL STATE WE SET UP.

FINE! MY JOB IS TO SHOW THESE PICTURES TO THE PEOPLE OF THESE COUNTRIES AND CONVINCE THEM OF THE ADVANTAGES OF A REAL DEMOCRACY.



FIRST STOP---A COUNTRY BORDERING THE MODEL STATE!

LONG LIVE DRICKEL! THIS IS YOUR STATION, SIR!

THIS IS A REAL FASCIST STATE, ALL RIGHT! I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY OPPOSITION TO DRICKEL'S GOVERNMENT?



WHAT'S THIS? A FIGHT? MUST BE THE OPPOSITION AGAINST THE FASCISTS. ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHICH IS WHICH.



RADAR'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED AS HE HEARS THE CROWD OF TOWN!

RADAR READS THE LEADER'S MIND!

I HATE OUR FASCIST! I HATE OUR RULER, DRICKEL. BUT FASCIST RULER, WE'LL BE WORSE. I DRICKEL, BUT WE'LL OFF IF PETER AND HE WORSE OFF IF THE MEMBERS OF JOHN AND THE MEM- IS ORTHODOX. DEER OF HIS UN- CHURCH CAN CONTROL OF THE COUNTRY.



THIS IS BAD! HERE ARE TWO GROUPS WHO HATE FASCISM, BUT THEIR PETTY DIFFERENCES PERMIT IT TO REMAIN IN POWER. I MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.



HERE COME DRICKEL'S STORM TROOPERS!

CATCH THE LEADERS!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT!













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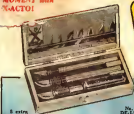


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